nickies to resp, or blades to strike.

Before they have lost.
In one and frest
urishing juiess the cut from the hill;
and stalk must be cut from the hill;
ud them, and bend them, then hit
ill

The corn in the shock will receive the ground,
Set the stalks upright,
And pack them tight
in pyramids shapely and stately and round.
Give the old lady's skirts a genteel spread;
Slope well the shoulders, so as to shod
The Autum rais
From the unhusted grain,
Then twist a wap for the queer little head. The she is, waiting to be embraced.

Reach round her who can!

Twill take a man
tooy, at least, to clasp her wais!
wer a hug like that? Now draw
the girdle of good out-straw!
With the plumpast waist

That ever was loced,
narrowest nightcap ever you saw,
be corn and least.

Then the fodder will be to stack or to house,
And the cars to hunk.
But now the dunk
Palls and: as the chanders of cool pine-boughs;
Our good day's work is done; the night
Brings wholesome fatigue and appetite;
Up comes the balloon
Of the large red moon.
And home we go, singing gay songs by its light.

MISCELLANEOUS.

whose minds are under the constant influence of changing scenes and faces, the love of home does not appeal with the force that it exercises upon individuals brought closely into contact with Nature and less with man. The citizen soldier, and the love of the contact with man. temperament. Soldiers and sallors as classes are more generally observed to suffer under malignant forms of this complaint than any others; and this is owing, in a great measure, to the monotony of their daily lives, to the unpalatable restraint under which they are held, and to the character of their probable future, which is unfavorable to a speedy return to the associations and scenes whose absence they regret. Among these classes of men the deplorable effects of nostalgia are, unfortunately, not confined to individual cases. Frequently it takes an epidemic form, and, spreading with the rapidity and virulence of cholera, or the plague, a whole company or a crew will become demoralized, sink into utter inaction and depression, or become insubordinate and mutinous. To guard against such melancholy results it has been found necessary, in the

By Alfred S. Horsley.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1869.

VOL. XV.-NO. 14.

BY MAC ABONE.

APTER battling for many years with misfortune, misery, reverses and disappointments, I have squatted in St. Louis.

I am now a rich man—a nabob. The assessor has assessed me at \$275,000. I have "Mac Arone Castle" nearly completed, and a crowd of upholsterers and supply merchants solicit my patronage. Piles of sweet scented notes daily beg the favor of my society to dinners, suppers and evening parties.

And yet it was not always so. I can recollect when I was as poor as poverty—when I vainly solicited employment whereby I might live honestly and decently. Nobody would listen to me; nobody cared for me. Bankers looked suspiciously at my appearance. Clergymen gave me a

Nobody would listen to me; nobody cared for me. Bankers looked suspiciously at my appearance. Clergymen gave me a mess of "cold shoulder." They could make nothing out of me. Grocers and saloon-keepers eyed me with mistrust when I asked for five or ten cents' worth of their wares. My tailor would have the money in advance for a suit of clothes I badly needed.

Unable to do anything in St. Louis, I, with two friends—companions in misery—resolved that we would try our luck in Kansas City. Their names were John Smith, a vender of patent rights, compiler of directories, and projector of advertising dodges; and Albert Robinson, a Bohemian, who was for some time local reporter on one of the St. Louis dailies, but at the time I speak of, out of situation, money, friends and hopes. Robinson had a manuseript of five hundred and forty pages of foolscap, entitled "Millerism Exposed; or the Perpetuity of the Earth." It was a well-written, logical treatise, and would have made him a reputation to be proud of. But no publisher would undertake to print it for the poor fellow.

We three packed up our little valises and took a cheap passage on one of the boats for Kansas City. There we were more fortunate. Smith obtained a clerk-ship in a dry goods house, Robinson secured a position on one of the morning papers, I became salesman and book-keeper in a grocery house. We had about seventy-five dollars a month. It was not much; but it enabled us to have a little reunion once in a while, talk of the past and devise projects for the future over a quiet glass of beer, in a retired room just

reunion once in a while, talk of the past and devise projects for the future over a quiet glass of beer, in a retired room just off from Main street.

After a long chat one evening on our hopes and fears, Smith said: "All nonsense, my dear fellows! we have neither of us the means of making a fortune. But an idea strikes me—could we not get the credit of being rich?"

"And to what purpose?" I suggested.

ested.
"It gives one a position in the

everything becomes casy."

"I recollect," said I, "cf an uncle of mine, who went out to California at the time of the gold fever, and he has never returned nor been heard from since."

"That's just it. We'll bring your uncle to life—or rather, we'll kill him. Ingots, gold-dust, shares in mines and crushing mills, shares in railroads, banks and government securities, will have a grand effect. No doubt there are many returned gold-seekers of that time, for tunate and otherwise, from St. Louis to St. Joseph along the river towns, that remember your uncle or have met him in the gold-fields."

"Let us kill him!" continued the two scamps, "and leave the bulk of his fortune—three millions and a half of dollars—to Mac Arone."

We laughed heartily at the joke, and had another round of beer. I thought no more of the circumstance, and you may guess of my astonishment when I took up the paper, on which Robinson was 'local,' and read among the city items:

"A Lucky Fellow.—We learned yesterday, from a party of gentlemen just returned from Montana, of the death of Mac Arone, Sr., one of the most fortunate of miners, who was attracted to the gold regions several years ago. He was mortally wounded by a party of Indians, and after being carried to Helena, had just time to make his will, and leave the bulk of his savings—some \$3,500,000—to his nephew, Mac Arone, who now occupies the humble position of book-keeper at Brown & Co.'s grocery house on Main street. We wish Mac Arone, Jr., joy of his good fortune; and as he was always a hearty, jovial kind of a fellow, he has now three and a half million additional claims on our regard."

The evening papers and the other

have come for those fifty dollars that I owe you?"

"By no means, my dear Mr. Mac Arone; I never thought of it. You do not imagine I would think of dunning you for such a paltry trifle? No, sir; I came to solicit you for the manufacture of your mourning suit."

"What mourning suit?"

"For your uncle. No doubt you will desire two suits for a change—silk hat, craped, white shirt, black studs, etc."

"Just now, Mr. Snip, such an order from me would be impossible."

"I hope you don't think, Mr. Mac Arone, of withdrawing your patronage. You know my materials are prime, my workmen first-class, and my prices as moderate as you can find them—even in St. Louis."

"I tell you again, I have not yet re ceived—"

IOW I GOT RICH AGAINST MY WILL. I, who had to toil so incessantly for seven-

At a quarter before the appointed hour Mr. Hardcash was before me.

"I had no wish for that house," said I, "and did not even think about it when the owner came and begged me to

"You shall be paid in two weeks, in paper on St. Louis," said the purchaser, delighted with my promptitude in busi

Meyel."

Pacific Railroad was not yet in operation), reintitances were slow from the Weak are formed to the state of the s

"I regret that other engagements just now call my attentions for the day, and will deny me the pleasure."

welcome."

"Thank you. Good evening."

As I parted from the banker I began to realize my wealth—my importance. Securities for a princely home and a princely income! I had no doubt that I was destined to resuscitate the noble house of Mac Arone from the dark ages of oblivion. I was now possessor of an income of twelve thousand dollars a year. When I handed in St. Louis, I had not where to take my trunk, and not much more than its bus hire in my possession. But now I ordered a hack from the court house square, and taking my trunk from the Pacific railroad depot, I put up in a nice room at the Southern Hotel.

For soveral days I was tormented with

delighted with my promptitude in business.

Paper on St. Louis! I was so little accustomed to financial nomenclature and proceedings that I imagined I should send it thither for payment.

I accordingly wrote to a banking-house in thither for payment.

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I accordingly wrote to a banking-house in the four newspapers called about fifty imes to solicit my subscription. Begging letters lay in piles upon my table. Invitations to suppers, evening parties and soires, rose around me in odorfforious pyramids. Hungry editors came to ask suppose in the amount in the payment in the paym

A reply came in a couple of days, saying that in accordance with my implied wish, they had disposed of the stock at a profit of seventy-five thousand dollars, which was placed to my credit. They begged of me not to be uneasy, as they were aware that in consequence of the troubles on the overland route (the Union Pacific Railroad was not yet in operation), remittances were slow from the West. The prospectus of a new German bank days ago."

My two friends retired to the window, where they whispered to one another, looking all the time very lugubrious.

"Mac," said they, turning to me, "do you know that your uncle is not dead."

"I don't know if he be dead," said I: "for I am not very certain that he ever lived."

"You know that this story about your inheritance is all a joke?"

"I am also persuaded that only you and a service of the window, where they whispered to one another, looking all the time very lugubrious.

"Mac," said they, turning to me, "do you know that your uncle is not dead."

"I am also persuaded that only you and a service of the window, where they whispered to one another, looking all the time very lugubrious.

"You know that your uncle is not dead."

"You know that this story about your inheritance is all a joke?"

Engine. This consists of a cylinder, piston and valves, with machinery attached to make an automatic machine. The piston presents the surface and area on which the power shall act; the valve measures the quantity of force to be admitted at any one time, and the machinery guides the valve intelligently, so that the breathings of the monster shall be regular and controllable; for, when once the valve is opened the huge lungs take in the breath of life, and the monster becomes a living thing; and having been baptized in fire, it yields gently to the controlling power of man. The third part of this machine is the carriage, without which it would not be a locomotive.

This carriage, whilst it must be strong, yet may have almost any form the designer may choose to give it.

These three parts, properly fitted and rightly joined, make the locomotive of modern times, with which all the people are more or less acquainted.

First, of the boller. The economical idea to be carried out is to get sufficient strength for salety, sufficient heating surface for steam, and at the same time not add too much weight so that it could not be readily transported. To do this we make the boiler of steel, iron and copper.

The fire-box itself, and also the tubes, are surrounded with water, and as the fire and heat spread over a large amount of surface, the heat is easily communicated.

The fire-box itself, and also the tubes, are surrounded with water, and as the fire and heat spread over a large amount of surface, the heat is easily communicated to the water and steam is rapidly generated. The comparative merits of any two boilers are, first, as to strength and durability; and secondly, as to the economy with which they generate steam. Another indispensable quality in a locomotive boiler is lightness, by means of which it is rendered portable. The upper part, being about one-fourth of the boiler, is devoted to steam room. Steam being lighter than water rises to the top of the lighter than water rises to the top of the boiler, from whence it is taken and carried in pipes to the cylinder or cylindera.

A locomotive is so constructed that it may be worked with one or a number of cylinders. Usually it has two and

In utility it stands without a rival. It contains the pent-up forces of a thousand glants, and yet is as obedient in the hands of its master as the gentlest [steed of the Arab. Swifter than the wind, and strong as Jove's thunder-bolts, by day and by night it is driven over blooming prairies, and through mountain glen—day time and night time it is the faithful servant of

A thas I deceded on going a want to my bankers, who received me with all they be makers, who received me with all they be makers, who received me with all they will be no good as to pay, in the course of the day, the little account which he has a war were well allike.

"I regret," add the President, "that who re to inclose."

My answers were all allike.

"Yell you have the good ones," and I, "will you have begonders," and I, "will you have the good ones," and I, "out lell me precisely how much all these funds are worth which you have bought of the said; "Four hundred and twenty thousand dollars—are you quite certain," "I was from a friend whom I had almost offer the said; "Four hundred and twenty thousand dollars—are you quite certain," "I were feelly."

Not wishing to appear too startled, I retty thousand dollars—are you quite certain," In what it is well. You spoke also of a fair is not less good. We are on the way the fair is not less good. We are on the week I was a common topic far another week I was a common topic far "Undoubtelly."

"Could has serple be are on the way a fair is not less good. We are on the week is an account in adversity, should it wis to the word and fifty shares—one thousand dollars—are—one thousand dollars—are—one thousand dollars—are—one thousand dollars—are—which are tolerably up, out and the week I was a common topic far "Undoubtelly."

"All hough as yet I have paid nothing?"

"All hough as sey I have paid nothing?"

"All hough as sey I have paid nothing?"

"All hough as a good and asfe in twentened to the whole, be so kind as to tell me what we week I was a common topic far "Undoubtelly."

"All right, since you say so. Now, it would live to make a good and asfe in the word of the whole, how wondered and other ask enterprises that will arise, and the couples and "Look there?" aid I to the father, "I cook there?" aid I to the father, at it and an advantage of the search of th

the Chicago Trobuse, recently had a talk with a Postofice detective, in which is following incidents were related:

A THEF BY BASTEM.

I was ordered up to Newcastle, Penn., a year or two ago, to examine into the case of a man whose letters had been taken out to the Postofice by some one cles, checks and money substracted from them, and who was still subject to depredations by this invisible unknown. The man's name is man at the Postofice for letters for Levi Miller, and had received one in which was a check for payment on some lands which the writer had been dated williamsport, and had received one in which was a check for payment on some lands which the writer had been dated williamsport, the had ordered remittances as the the Postofice for the letter, continued the governments. It was a case which puzzled the great of the strange man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments of the payments of the payments of the payments of the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled the great man accepted more payments. It was a case which puzzled th

a generous public, and the great civilizer
a generous public, and the great civilizer
that a great site, is about three thouses of a first-class locomotive, the property of the age.

"If the age of a first-class locomotive, the property of the age of the property of the age."

"If the age of a first-class locomotive, the property of the age of the property of the

"GATE," the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribuse, recently had a talk with a Postoffice detective, in which the following incidents were related:

A THIEF BY BAPTISM.

I was ordered up to Newcastle, Penn., a

"He plead guilty to robbing one letter, and we forwarded it to the drawer, who in a divide and the left it for collection, and we forwarded it to the drawer, who in the case in and obtained the money."

"Would you recognize him again?"

"Gon't hink we would. We took no notice of him particularly, and it has been some time ago."

I then went to the Postoffice and asked at Postmaster's clerk if he remembered anybody stopping for letters for Levi Miler.

Why, yes! he was here a few days ago."

Why, yes! he was here a few days are registered letter in the Postmaster's hands for Levi Miller, and this I dropped in the mail. Scarcely had I done so when the cirk said:

"He plead guilty to robbing one letter, and by the aid of a samart lawyer, got only two years in prison, was partioned out, and we forwarded it to the drawer, who had stolen!

Took up a printed notice and filled it in with the announcement that there was a registered letter in the Postmaster's hands for Levi Miller, and this I dropped in the mail. Scarcely had I done so when the cirk said:

"His! Mr. Depro, here is the man outside the subject of the proportion of the prop

in the crevices of the loaf of stale bread, fringing a pumpkin-pic, covering the vinegar, and among her linen which has been packed away when damp. The farmer finds it in every shady nook, upon his Sunday boots, on old harness and middles, on the damp hay and grain, in the gransty, on vegetables, etc. It is prolific to a most extraordinary degree; its germs fill the air of our rooms, penetrate our lungs, fill our clothing, and wherever they can find a place for germination, take root and multiply so rapidly as often to excite the surprise of those most familiar with it. Like the "reddish," the "greenish" leprosy is destructive of house and garments. Every article upon which it grows will sooner or later undergo decay, and become useless, except where a ferment is necessary to its utility.

After Kitty had had her tail bitten, she never went to sleep in the kitchen without keeping one eye open to watch Polly.

Polly would start for Kitty's tail, but as it took her a long time to walk across the floor, Kitty would lie quite still and take a nap until Polly had reached her; then Kitty would jump up and run to the other end of the room.

Kitty would then lie down and calmly watch Polly waddle back after her, only to have Kitty again jump up and run back just where she was before.

Polly would scream and bob her head up and down in a great rage; but she rever seemed to make up her mind that she could not catch Kitty. Polly would keep waddling back and forth after Kitty for an hour at a time; and I really believe Kitty enjoyed it as a very good joke.

A CLERGYMAN the other day took a \$5,000 wedding fee in New York.

Bellin Boyd, the noted Southern spy, has been sent to the California State Inspection.

THERE are three times as many men engaged in selling liquor as in preaching the Gospel or teaching school.

A New Bedford marble worker has an order for a couple of tombstones for the tombs of two hens.

(C) By verice (C) as JAMES (F) OVER THE PENCE.

loved to pick chicken-bones. She would st upon the back of a chair, holding on by one claw, while she grasped a chicken-bone with the other; and then she looked very much as if she were playing a finte.

Kitty liked chicken-bones, too; and whenever she saw Polly enjoying one, she always thought that she ought to have it herself. She was a sly puss, and at last she thought of a way to get Polly's bone from her without being bitten by her strong, black beak.

Polly had a violent temper, so that when she was angry she did not know what she was about. Kitty made the most of this. She would jump up into the seat of the chair upon the back of which Polly was sitting with her bone. Then, waiching her chance, Kitty would raise her paw and gently tap the end of her bone.

Polly would get into a great rage at once; she would scream out, and try to bite Kitty, and this would make Polly drop the bone. Then Kitty would quietly jump down after the bone, and scamper off with it. Wasn't she a sly Kitty?

cage. Waddling across the room to where Kitty was peacafully sleeping. Polly seized he tail in her beak. She bit pretty hard, and Kitty gave a piteous mee, and fied from the kitchen.

Once Polly climbed idto a neighbor's pantry window, and began picking to pieces some bread and vegetables that had been laid on the shelf, ready for din-

with a manager power in the manager power in the section property of the foliar of the foliar of the section property of the foliar of the f